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MAINE FARMER.

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Do Manures go up or go down?

A writer in the South Carolina Temperance Advocate—(an excellent temperance paper, by the way, published at Columbia, S. C., and which has a department devoted to agriculture), observes that by improvident management the planters of that State have got to that point where they cannot make a living, much less accumulate an income, without constantly, systematically and perseveringly collecting and distributing manures upon their lands.

We think his remarks will apply to a great many other States in the Union. In the course of his remarks he observes that, in the application of manure, we should have an eye to its permanent benefits. We should guard against its waste; and that method is to be preferred which best secures us against this. This is good doctrine the world over. It cannot be applied exclusively to South Carolina, but should be remembered and practiced wherever there is a farmer, let him be where he may.

He next goes on to say, that there is a popular opinion that manure sinks. This idea he combats, and endeavors to prove to the contrary, and to prove his position, he says, let any one who doubts, put a spigot in a common cider barrel, knock out the head of it, and fill it with clean sand, nearly to the top. Then let him pour upon the sand the most impure liquid manure he can find. He will be able to draw from the spigot nearly pure water.

The impurities which constitute the manure, will have been detained by the sand, by filtration, within a short distance of the top of the barrel. He has forgotten to say that if examined by a chemical test, it would be found that it had dissolved all the salts that were contained in the manure and were soluble in water. This fact would soon be discovered if a test were applied. It is seen also in the familiar instance of leaching ashes. The ashes and other insoluble matters remain in the barrel or leach tub, while the soluble salts pass off with the water, which is more or less strong, according to the goodness or strength of the ashes.

Again, he observes, if the position which he takes were not true, the impurities on or near the surface of the earth would be carried down by the rains, and we should never be able to get a palatable drink of water. Perhaps we should not, but let us ask if these "palatable" waters are really pure waters? The fact is that some of the most palatable waters contain, in solution, salts of various kinds. It is very seldom that you can find a spring so pure as not to contain some kind of salt in solution: even rain water, the purest sample of water that is found naturally, oftentimes, and perhaps always, contains ammonia, which it combines with in the air as it falls from the clouds. It is true that the coarser insoluble parts of the manure, and the portions that have not yet become decomposed sufficiently to part with their elements, cannot descend with the waters which pass through them, and of course it should be buried in the soil in order to not only have it applied to the roots where it can supply nutritive matter to them, but also to prevent any loss by evaporation. The writer quoted above, thinks that the principal loss or waste of manures, is by evaporation. No doubt this is the greatest cause of the waste. It hardly seems necessary to institute any experiments to prove or elucidate this position, but, says the writer, if you enclose a portion of manure in a box, and place it where it shall be exposed to the action of light and heat, it will retain its fertilizing qualities for almost any assignable time; and will even acquire from the atmosphere (if accessible to it) an addition to them. But if you place it on a board or stone, or in a tin box, open at the top but enclosed at the sides—a method which I select, as rendering it certain that no part of it can sink, though it may escape at the top—and then expose it to the rain and sun, or to the sun alone, it will in a very short time become entirely inert, and its escape will be rapid in proportion to the intensity of the heat to which it is subjected.

To this evaporation he attributes the rapid deterioration of land exposed to the sun without trees or a crop to shade it. The inference which he draws from the facts mentioned is this: Manure should be buried deeper in sandy soils than in clayey soils, because the sandy soils being more easily heated than the clayey, allows greater evaporation, and that there is no danger of the manure sinking down. To the latter conclusion we cannot wholly assent, but we think that the fear that manures would sink out of reach of crops in a sandy soil, should not deter any one from applying them liberally.

What is the best Provender for Sheep?

We believe that experience proves that in order to fatten sheep, Indian corn is preferable to any thing, but if you wish to increase the wool as much as possible, beans are the best.

In the Albany Cultivator for last September, is a communication from R. A. Avery of Galway, Saratoga Co., New York, upon this subject. Mr. Avery experimented upon his sheep with different kinds of food fed out to them, and afterwards weighed the wool. He first divided his sheep into four lots, of as equal size, health and weight as he possibly could, and fed them as follows:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| Lot 1, Corn, | 2 quarts to 32 sheep. |
| " 2, Corn and Oats, | 3 " to " |
| " 3, Oats, | 4 " to " |
| " 4, Cracked C. in cob, | 4 " to " |

The result, he says, of the experiment was this: Those that were fed on cracked corn in cob, yielded 11.4 ounce more wool per head than either of the other lots. Those fed on corn and oats, about one third more than those on oats alone. Lots No. 1 and 3 gave about equal quantities.

We are glad to hear of so favorable a result from corn and cob meal, but we think that Mr. Avery should not attribute the extra wool to the cobs alone.



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We are inclined to think that those sheep which were fed upon corn and cob meal did, in reality, get more corn than those fed on corn alone, or upon corn and oats.

Accurate experiments have ascertained that, as a general rule, when corn and cobs are ground together, the cob forms one-third of the whole. Now if the sheep fed on corn and cob meal had four quarts, they must have received a fraction over five pints of corn, while those fed on corn alone received but four pints. Still the experiment is valuable as illustrating the valuable qualities of corn and cob meal for this species of stock. Does any one know what is the comparative value of beans and peas as food for sheep—we mean in reference to their wool? The elementary principles or ingredients of peas and beans are somewhat alike, and as the pea can be raised much easier than the bean they would be preferable for sheep fodder.

For the Farmer.

Art of Manufacturing Manure.

Mr. HOLMES:—It is so long since I have written for the Farmer, I have forgotten the number of my last communication on this subject; but I remember distinctly, I promised some estimates, which promise I hasten to perform. But in order to understand the estimates correctly, it is necessary the reader should have the principles of the process in his mind. I will therefore state these as briefly as possible.

I have stated somewhere, that a perfectly formed plant, if decomposed without loss, contained all the materials necessary to form another perfect plant of the same kind. Hence, then, one great object in view in the process where vegetable substances are used as they grow, and we have it in our power, to prevent the loss of any of this substance—and secondly, where we use such substances more or less decomposed, as swamp muck, &c., to supply, in the cheapest manner, the loss of those valuable substances carried off in their partial decomposition, swamp muck is as good as any thing to mix with the first class of vegetable matter to prevent any loss in that, as any thing we can get, independent of its own value in another point of view. But independent of this use, it possesses valuable properties of its own when used in connection with the droppings of the cattle, either solid or liquid. Muck also possesses another quality which gives it great value as an aid in manufacturing manure. This quality is that of absorbing ammonia or something else from the atmosphere that increases its own value. Thus you see, when properly used, it answers a two-fold purpose—it prevents the escape of valuable substances from beneath, and at the same time absorbs equally valuable substances from the atmosphere. To accomplish these two objects in the best manner is the great art of manufacturing manure. Here, then, we have on every farm the three great leading articles in manufacturing manure—first, vegetable substances in the form of hay, or straw, or rotten wood, and bushes—secondly, these same substances in another form, mixed with various earths, &c., forming what is called muck—thirdly, these same substances in another form and also mixed with various valuable salts, in cattle dung and urine. These three classes of articles combined may be supposed to combine all the essential elementary substances which go to form plants, and in as suitable proportions as can now be expected to be obtained by any process of any practical use to the farmer.

Among these three articles muck holds the rank of an absorbent, and is the first with which we commence operations. We want then, in the spring, when our cattle-yard is cleared, the yard covered from three to six inches with muck. The next object is to secure the aid of this muck in retaining the volatile substances of the dung and urine. To effect this, I go every morning with a shovel, and where the cattle drop any thing, either solid or liquid, and throw it in convenient heaps, (having regard to the use of the yard for other purposes, as driving in hay, &c.) with muck enough to secure all its volatile properties. If I have at any time in the summer worthless hay or straw, I take it when wet enough to be sure to decompose in the heap, yet mixing so much muck with it as to insure a gradual decomposition, so that there is no burning of the manure, nor shoveling over until the manure is hauled from the yard. If it suits the farmer's convenience to haul this manure into his fields in the autumn or winter, he ought to have a lot of muck to cover his heaps with, and while it protects his manure from needless waste, this muck so covering his manure, will be actually gaining from the atmosphere. Hence, then, the reader will see at a glance, that this is a catch all and save-all process, with the least possible trouble in shoveling over, &c. Another advantage in using muck is this, that instead of deteriorating it is more valuable for exposure to atmospheric influences. Well, reader, you have the process, now for my estimate. I say my estimate, for every one will have to make an estimate of his own according to the facility with which he can obtain muck.

First, then, my muck lies within, thirty rods of my barn-yard, and enough to last me thirty years, and use thirty cords a year; and I find I can haul with a suitable team, say two yoke of oxen with a driver and one good hand to shovel, twenty cords in two days, or forty loads, of half a cord each. Here, then, you have the expense of the muck for forty loads at eight days' labor of man and cattle; but you will find on reflection that the labor of the cattle is little more than nominal, as every farmer must keep a team whether he hauls muck or not. From the best estimate I can make, and I have taken considerable pains, even to measuring time by the clock, it will require about four days' labor

of a man more, when your manure piles are ready for hauling, as to lie in the yard for years without waste. The total then is twelve days' labor for forty loads or twenty cords of manure.

With regard to the comparative value of such manure with ordinary barn-yard, I can say but little; but I rather think I should decline a trade at even change of quantity.

I suppose I need not suggest to the quick thoughted farmer, that many other articles would be exceedingly useful in addition to these, and the same process equally useful to retain their good qualities.

J. H. JENSEN.

Peru, December, 1844.

Reports of Committees of Kennebec County Agricultural Society.

Of Incidental Committee.

The Incidental Committee of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, offer the following report:—That part of the Show and Fair usually denominated "Incidental department," was much inferior to that of former exhibitions, not however, in quality, but in quantity and variety.

With a little interest felt, and pains taken, this department could always, in this County, be made highly interesting, and a deficiency here must always be evidence of fault somewhere. It is in the power of almost every man and woman in this community, if they were disposed to do it, to deposit with the Secretary of the Society, something of nature, science, or art, something ancient or modern, curious or common, useful or amusing, that would, all together, make these anniversaries, both attractive and useful. We regret that so few of the Ladies of Hallowell and Augusta, as well as the mechanics, have manifested so little interest in these useful exhibitions.

However, we found some useful, substantial, and curious things to be examined; among which we commend the following to the notice of the Trustees, as worthy of gratification.

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| No. 2, six cotton and one silk umbrellas, (Charles M. Gilbreth, Augusta.) | \$1 00 |
| No. 12, three sets blank books, (Edward Fenn, Augusta.) | 1 00 |
| No. 28, one silk apron, (Mrs. Elizabeth Lamb, Augusta.) | 50 |
| No. —, dress coat, (John S. Kelley, Augusta.) | 1 00 |
| No. 44, one phaeton, (Augustus Brick, Augusta.) | 1 00 |
| One horse, (I. Davis, Hallowell.) | 2 00 |
| One two years old colt, (William Tolman, Sidney.) | 1 00 |
| Two rifles, (L. M. Leland, Augusta.) | 1 00 |
| No. 73, two lamp mats, (Miss Wheeler, Augusta.) | 50 |
| No. 69, three pairs woolen stockings, (Mrs. E. Swain, Augusta.) | 50 |
| No. 76, air tight stove, (E. D. Norcross, Augusta.) | 1 00 |
| One one year old colt, (James Bolton, Augusta.) | 1 00 |
| Specimen Chinese paintings, (Mrs. D. C. Weston, Augusta.) | 1 00 |
| Piece of marble statuary, representing the Apostle St. John, by (J. Ware, a young artist of Hallowell, 10 years old, Diploma and 3 00 | |
| Specimen of pressed brick, (H. P. Wood, Hallowell.) | 1 00 |
| Piece woolen plaid, for winter dress, (Hallowell.) | 1 00 |
| Pair miniature ivory widders, (James Cox, Hallowell.) | 1 00 |
| Fairbanks' improved patent hay scale, (G. C. Ewing,) a great improvement, Diploma. | |

R. G. LINSLEY, Per Order.

On Oxen and Steers.

To the Kennebec County Agricultural Society. Your Committee on teams of oxen and steers have attended to the duty assigned them, and ask leave to report—

That there were but three teams of oxen and no team of steers entered for premiums. Your Committee very much regret the apathy that seemed to prevail in regard to the exhibition of oxen and steers. Yet your Committee were much pleased with the appearance of fourteen yokes of oxen, from the town of Sidney, some of which were very fine, and give credit to the owners and town to which they belong; to which your committee award the Society's first premium.

Your Committee were also shown a team from the town of Augusta, consisting of nineteen yokes of oxen, which were very good; to which your Committee award the Society's second premium.

Your Committee were shown a team of ten yokes of oxen, from the town of Hallowell; to which your Committee award the Society's third premium.

Your Committee noticed two yokes of oxen in the Hallowell team, one of which belonged to the Hon. John Otis, and the other to Mr. William Bailey, which we consider very fine animals.

We also noticed one pair in the Augusta team, belonging to Isaac and David Sanford, of which we consider our praise unnecessary.

Your Committee also noticed one pair in the Sidney team, belonging to Mr. Dunbar Howard, and another to Mr. Bradford Swett, which speak well for the County of Kennebec.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

LEVI PAGE, JR.,

ISAAC WADSWORTH, } Committee.

JERRE BLAISDELL, }

Saxon Sheep and their Crosses.

Notwithstanding that the Escurial or Saxon breed of sheep have been so long in the United States, it would seem that their merits and demerits are not yet fully understood. The truth seems to be that the Escurial, or pure Escurial Saxon, are a hardy race of sheep, and that in their organization they possess every element which, in other breeds of sheep, is necessary for their preservation and prosperity. Their bones are small, but their bodies are very round, with broad shoulders, thereby forming a chest which is anteriorly large, and which gives them great strength according to their size. They have less wool than other kinds of merino; but it may not be necessary for them, as their wool is very thick, and time has adjusted their qualities and proportions so that they can sustain themselves with moderate care in almost any climate of the temperate zone. The only reason why they have been esteemed so very tender and delicate, is that they were known almost only by the crosses, which have been made between them and other breeds of Merinos, and these generally were worthless, miserable animals.

The Escurial flock in Spain formerly contained fifty thousand, and if they had been so very tender and delicate as thought by some, it does not seem reasonable to suppose that their proprietors would have continued to propagate them, as they could

easily have obtained others which were hardy. Mr. Grove's success with them, goes to show that they are hardy—but as one experiment may not satisfy all, I will relate the experience of my neighbor, Mr. Jacob Cook, and also my own, which may serve to elucidate the subject. Mr. Jacob Cook formerly owned a flock of the short woolled breed of Merinos, but not being pleased with the appearance of daily looking sheep, as he calls them, which were brought from the State of Maine. They are high grade Saxon, and are evidently a cross between the Saxon and the old breed of New England sheep, without any mixture of any other breed of Merinos, and have less wool than the pure Saxons. They are great milkers, and he has been very successful in raising lambs. He gives them very little grain, and in winter, in the 41 deg. north, he provides them no shelter from rain and snow, having neither sheds or stables for them, and they do not appear to suffer with cold any more than the best breeds of Merinos of other kinds. Their wool is nearly equal in fineness to that of a full blood Paular. The last time that he took an average of the weight of the fleeces of his flock, it was 4 lbs. 3 ounces.

Again, in 1837, I had a hardy well formed high grade Saxon ewe, having very little wool, which I afterwards kept till she was twelve years old, and then fatted her off, making most excellent mutton for me. I crossed her that year with a long woolled ram of another breed of Merinos, whose wool was black with yolk. The cross produced a round bodied well formed ram, having a great abundance of wool, but which, when four years old and in good order, and standing with a dry fleece in a sheep barn among other sheep, would shiver with cold, when both sire and dam and all others, appeared perfectly unaffected by the cold.

These experiments would seem to show that the Saxon sheep, pure or of high grade, are hardy; that crossed with the old breed of New England sheep, they make a hardy race, which are well suited to the use of sheep-farmers and breeders of that day. There was a charter of nobility in their look; they fine as the pure Saxon, but whose fancy is such that they must have clean white sheep; and therefore a cross between the pure Saxons and Leicester or South Down might possibly make useful sheep for such persons.

Unfortunately, almost all the Merino sheep in the United States have been crossed with the Saxon. Mr. Wm. Jarvis imported six kinds—among the rest, Escurial, which he crossed with the others; and therefore probably all the sheep in Vermont are tainted with this breed; but as the people of Vermont have attended to those points which more particularly distinguish the Paular breed, it would seem that they must have nearly run out the Saxon, and that by selection and improvement, may arise fleeces as thick and heavier than those of the Rambouillet flock, as their wool may be of a longer pile. For the Rambouillet flock is also tainted with the Escurial or Saxon breed, as may be seen by the color of its wool, which is a cream color—and their wool is also shortened by it. Don Pedro, the first Rambouillet ram imported to this country, had wool only one and three-quarter inches long, whereas the Escurial wool will average two inches in length, and the Paular two and a quarter to two and a half in length. Nevertheless, this Rambouillet flock may be hardy sheep; for this point of hardness can only be determined by experience. And therefore the Rambouillet flock is still capable of improvement by increasing the length of its wool. When a flock is made up of a number of different breeds, it is very difficult, nay, almost impossible, to consolidate it so that the progeny shall appear homogeneous. Each kind will seem determined to dissolve the confederacy and set up for itself; and the remains of Chancery Livingston's flock will exemplify this fact. The skillful breeder, taking advantage of this circumstance, may by selection, run them all into one of its kinds so as nearly to resemble each other. By reference to Burgonne's travels, it will be seen that the Rambouillet flock was originally composed of several different kinds of canines of sheep. Selections were made from the Paular, Negretti, and Escurial (or Saxon) canines—also from the canines of the Marquis de Landa, the Marquis de Perass, Mannel de Bilbuna, and the Count de San Rafael. The commissioners appointed by the French in 1785, were permitted by the Spanish king to select from the best flocks in Spain, and by publishing their proceedings, pointed out where the best may be obtained. Mr. Jarvis informs us that the remains of the Paular and Negretti flocks were taken to England and Scotland. But as the insane practice of mixing all breeds together does not prevail so extensively in Britain as in this country, it is probable that the Paular or Negretti breeds may be obtained from them in their purity. Among British sheep, it seems the least likely to have been formed by improving each kind by itself—witness the Leicesters, South Down, Cotswold, &c., and it seems as though the same course should be taken with the Merinos—for there is as much difference between the different kinds of Merinos as there is between different breeds of British sheep, only that their wool being all fine, these differences are not so readily noticed as those of coarse sheep. Any person who will import the Paular or any long thick woolled breed of pure Merinos from Britain or Spain, and improve them as Mr. Grove has done the Saxons, and keep them unmixed, will confer a great favor on the wool-growing interest. We may then obtain fine woolled sheep, having good constitutions and large fleeces well covered with yolk, unique in their appearance, having wool of an even length on each sheep and of a greater softness than can be obtained from flocks made up from a variety of breeds. For superfine wool, we must always depend upon the Saxon; and between them and all other breeds of Merinos, there should be a perpetual non-intercourse.

[Albany Cultivator.] C. D.

WATER FOR STOCK.—Every farmer should see that his stock are well provided with water, this is of the greatest importance in a season when they need a large supply from their living on dry food. It is much the best to have water in the yard if possible, as this will save much time in the management of animals, and the saving of manure by this means is an important item.

Some farmers consider the advantage of having water in the barn yard equal to the interest of \$500, and others equal to the interest of \$1000, many who have not this advantage could procure it at a cost of 50 or \$100; the interest of which sums would be only 3 or 6 dollars annually, a mere trifle compared to the saving of time and manure, and the superior comfort and thrift of animals, that would naturally result from such a privilege, which is within the means of almost every farmer.

[Boston Cultivator.]

The first train of cars was run from Hartford to Springfield, on Monday, over the Railroad, in one hour and eight minutes.

The continuation of this road to Northampton was also commenced in good earnest.

Having of late taken much interest in the growth of wool, and incidentally in the best breed of sheep for that purpose, I have concluded from all that I can learn of the present flockmasters of the country, the prices of wool, and the condition of our American lands for wool-growing, that the original Spanish sheep, of the importations from 1802 to 1815, are the best for the general farmer, and particularly for his own purposes. Many years since, I was interested in the sheep of some of those importations, and I well recollect their fine, substantial forms; their well-covered bodies; and the beautiful and uniform fleeces which they annually yielded.—But, so far as I can understand, those animals have many years ago passed away in the drooping interest of our people have suffered in the production of valuable wools; and more than that, in the impatience, fidgety, and uneasy propensity of the animal kind which they possess, and the proverbial disposition we have of not "letting well enough alone."

The upshot of all this is, that the ancient flocks of our Merinos (by ancient, I mean from 25 to 40 years ago), have been Saxonsized by the numerous flocks imported in the years 1825, 35, and 7, principally on speculation. Indeed, these animals, vastly inferior in my estimation, for the interest of the American wool-grower, to the Spanish sheep, were greedily, and without due deliberation, seized upon by our breeders to improve them. The result has been, an absolute deterioration of their fleeces, in constitution, size, weight of fleece, and as I too much fear, the almost extinction of the true of the old Spanish sheep from our country. At all events, I have examined several flocks the past season, and among them all I seldom recognized anything that came up to the splendid old originals of the early Spanish sheep imported by Livingston and Humphrey in early days, and afterwards in many select flocks, by several other distinguished sheep-farmers and breeders of that day.—There was a charter of nobility in their look; a cavalier measure in their tread; and the dignity of an old Spanish dog in their presence, which out-measured anything now seen, except occasionally among the so-styled Merino flocks of the country. This deterioration is admitted by all with whom I have conversed, to be caused by the promiscuous breeding with the Saxons with the Merinos. In corroboration of this sentiment, I have also the opinions of some of the largest wool merchants of the northern and eastern cities, who unequivocally declare, that the qualities of our wool have gradually been changing from the fine, close, yellow fleece of the Spanish Merino, into the texture of the less hardy, yet finer and whiter, Saxon.

I have for some months been much interested in a sort of controversy which has been carried on by our paper regarding the merits of some sheep, described as being bred in Vermont, and said by their breeders to be pure Paular Merinos. These animals also have gained much notoriety in the columns of some of our agricultural papers, where they have been figured, not at all to their credit, nor as proof, (if the picture be correct likeness), in my opinion, of the purity of their blood, as either Paulars, or as pure specimens of the Spanish Merino or at all. How this may be, however, I will not pretend to say. *Per contra* to this are the caustic, and as I think, unnecessarily a very strictures of Examiner in the Agriculturist. So far as the facts of Examiner are concerned, my own evidence of the present condition of fine-wooled sheep in America corroborates them; but his personalities can have little bearing on the real argument as to the existence of, or purity of blood of our fine-wooled sheep generally.

In regard to the existence of the Paular, as a distinctive variety of the Spanish sheep, in the United States, I infer that they are a fancy breed now existing only in the imagination of their proprietors; for so far as I have been able to ascertain, but very few of that valuable variety ever were imported into America at all; and the inveterate propensity of the "universal Yankee nation" to intermix everything of the animal kind, could hardly have left these to escape the usual fate of all thing else. I also believe this from the statements of very many highly creditable individuals in different parts of the Union, who have much experience in sheep-breeding, and an intimate knowledge of the principal flocks throughout the country.

Mr. Jarvis, of Vermont, who probably imported more Spanish sheep than any other single individual in the United States, declares in his essay last winter, published in the Boston Cultivator, that his own flock, although kept separate in their varieties for a long time, were all mixed some years ago, and since then he has been unable to distinguish them. It is also asserted by those who have abundant opportunity to know from personal observation, and by wool-dealers, who have purchased his wool, that the Saxon blood has prevailed to a great extent among his flock of late years. So also of most, indeed, perhaps, every other large flock in the United States. Now and then, select small flocks may possibly be found, few and far between, the relics of some well-bred-fair, old choice animals which have not been intermixed with Saxon or other blood. Yet it may in truth be said, if we are to believe the disinterested testimony of the great body of wool growers throughout the United States, no candid mind can rely upon obtaining pure, unalloyed Spanish sheep in any considerable numbers.

It appears to me, that the persons who have recommended their animals to public attention through the agricultural press as pure Merinos, and the blood of which has been impeached, should, in justice to themselves, substantiate their pedigrees by unimpeachable evidence. In pursuing this course, imposition may be avoided, and the public confidence restored in such individuals as now stand by public accusation in the unenviable position of selling spurious animals under false names; and as both myself and many of my friends require the blood of Spanish Merinos for the restoration of our flocks, it is not to be doubted that such animals, if existing in the United States, will meet with ready encouragement from systematic wool-growers.

As to the Rambouillet sheep of Mr. Collins, I have seen only one or two specimens of his flock. The staple of their wool is remarkably fine, and shows all the fine, silky softness and length of the most approved Merino of "the older times." Yet as these are so few in number, I understand that no more of his sheep are for sale at present; my own and the applications of others being refused at any price, they do not appear likely to supply the public demand, at all events, for some time to come.

L. F. ALLEN.

Black Rock, October, 1844.

[American Agriculturist.]

The oldest meeting-house, says the Salem Observer, now standing in New England, and probably in the United States, is the Rev. Mr. Richardson's in Hingham—being erected in 1670, 164 years ago. It is yet in a good state of preservation, and its frame of oak, bears no mark of dilapidation or decay.

The Disease in Potatoes.

Not having seen any communication objecting to the views I have taken of the cause of the disease in the potato, and which subsequent examinations have only tended to confirm in my own mind, I resume the investigation of the subject. The results I now offer to you for publication. I have first to notice the idea that this disease arises from worms which are found in the decayed potato—and remain.

1st, that the worms are the same which are found in all rotten potatoes, from whatever cause the decay may arise.

2d, that the potato decays previous to the worms appearing, for the worms are never found in the sound part of the potato, eating their way in or depositing their eggs, nor have I ever seen the worms in that part of the potato in which the fungus has already commenced vegetating; it is only in the most rotten part that the worms exist, after the fungus has caused this decay.

3d, salt actually kills the worms, as any one may satisfy themselves, with the assistance of the common compound microscope.

Under the full impression of the existence of the fungus in the potato, two questions present themselves—

1st. Is the fungus the cause of the decay, or merely a growth on the tuber already diseased from some other cause?—and

2d. When and in what part of the plant the disease originates, and how is it propagated and disseminated?

The probability is that the fungus is the cause of the disease—for the fungus appears on the skin of the potato, and can be traced by its gradually dark color penetrating from the outside by degrees into the sound inside, the outside fungus developing itself first, and producing shrive and rotteness, while the inside yet remains firm and sound. If the fungus resulted from the potato first becoming rotten, and thus forming favorable circumstances for its vegetation, then the presumption is that we should occasionally, although perhaps rarely, find parts of the potato rotten without the fungus, which I, at least, have never yet seen. I have often seen heaps of rotten potatoes, without ever before observing this peculiar fungus, which on account of its small, cannot be mistaken. If this was therefore a disease directly affecting the rotten potato and not the sound one, a would have been long ago and much more often observed. Dr. Wallroth, an excellent German botanist, who appears to have closely studied the fungus family, observes in the *Linnaea*, (a botanical periodical, published in Germany), vol. 16 for 1842, that he has ascertained the disease called the *Patato scab*, or scab—a kind of swelling or tumor, ending in rotteness—to be a species of subterranean fungus, which he calls *Ergasil subterranea*, and of which he gives a long scientific description. I am not sufficiently versed in this subject, to decide whether this description agrees exactly with the disease at present under discussion, but it appears to me to differ in several particulars.

The second question, as to the origin and propagation of this fungus, is one which presents great difficulties in its solution. These arise partly from the knowledge of the propagation of the fungus family being yet in its infancy, and partly from the want of means of pursuing the study of this microscopic subject properly. From the almost universal accounts of the plants having first died down, and thus indicated the disease, it has suggested itself to me, even if this fungus is really a subterranean species, whether it has not been propagated and disseminated by spores floating in the atmosphere and attaching themselves to the stalk of the potato, so that vegetating and extending themselves downwards until they reached the point of junction with the tuber, thus producing decay, and the death of the upper part of the vegetable, and afterwards disseminating themselves through the tuber.

A parallel to this probably exists in the mushroom, a fungus which is naturally produced from horse droppings, when by being kept dry for a considerable time, they have arrived at a favorable state for the development of the spores. These spores have probably attached themselves to the stems of the potato, which has been eaten by the horse, have passed through its stomach and remained in an inert state, until favorable circumstances have produced their development in the droppings.

I regret that I had not commenced this investigation early enough to have examined the stalk and its junction with the tuber, with the microscope, on the first appearance of its drooping, as all the pieces of the potato were buried in the same soil, and to be expected from experiments, can only be of a negative character; however, here are such results as I have obtained—

1st. One of these much diseased potatoes was cut in halves; each half was placed on half a sound potato, in perfect contact, placed under a bell glass in a damp, dark atmosphere, temperature, 57 to 62. In five days the sound potato was not in the slightest degree contaminated with the fungus or worms.

2d. A whole diseased potato, covered with black spots, was placed under a glass, in the same circumstances as experiment No. 1, in contact with a whole sound potato. The 5th day the sound potato remained unaltered and without worms.

3d. A whole and much diseased potato was buried 2 inches below the soil, which was dug up at the end of the week. A sound potato was buried in the same soil, 2 1/2 inches distant from it, the temperature kept as before—57 to 62. In 5 days this latter remained quite sound.

It is possible that 5 days is not long enough; I have therefore left them all in the same state, and shall not touch them for 3 or 4 weeks. Should any changes take place, I will inform you.

As I do not seek to establish my favorite theory, I trust my remarks may incite to observation and provoke discussion, and provided the practical and useful truth on this subject be discovered, I do not care much whether it be by myself or by others.

[N. E. Farmer.] J. E. TESCHMECHER.

OLD PICKLES IN PORK.—Some persons place a high value on old pickle for preserving pork, even as high as a dollar a gallon, as they find that it possesses superior properties for keeping the meat sweet and good. It will not readily extract them from a fresh lot with which it comes in contact. They who value this article so highly, saving it for six or seven years, will put down pork in the hottest weather in summer, with very little addition of salt, and it keeps perfectly pure. The pickle should not be scalded, but strained to take out the sediment or other matter.—[Boston Cultivator.]

CATERPILLAR EGGS.—Mr. Breck—Dear Sir,—Since the fall of the leaf, I have been looking over my young trees, to observe the growth of the new wood; and I have been very much surprised at the great number of the eggs of the moths (*Lesio-compa*) which produce the common caterpillar of our orchards. In the short space of half an hour, I picked from the branches within reach, more than I could well hold in the palm of my hand. Now, as all my trees were kept clear of these pests of the farmer, during the last spring and autumn, and their nests annihilated with a good Pickering brush and potash ley, whenever and wherever they appeared, I am inclined to think that the very dry weather of the past summer has been so favorable to the production of the moth, that the caterpillars will appear in great numbers next spring; and I mean to take advantage of some of the mild days we sometimes have in winter, to search my trees closely for the eggs, and destroy them; and I should be glad to have the assistance of your pen and influence, to set on foot a winter campaign against the vermin among our neighbors

Braddock's Field

Is some ten or twelve miles from Pittsburg, on the north bank of the beautiful Monongahela. It is nearly a level plain, extending three-fourths of a mile from the river, and hemmed in by undulating hillsides. At the center of the plain on which the battle was fought, is a noble brick edifice, called "Edgeworth Seminary," a number of years since occupied as a boarding-school for ladies. It is now converted into a residence, and belongs to the Braddock farm; and in it lives a very kind and generous family, whose pride it is to show the visitors over the field of battle, and extend them the most hospitable of their household. After resting ourselves from the fatigues of the journey, a lady volunteered to guide us over the premises. The battle was fought, as the reader will recollect, on the 9th of July, 1755; and was one of the most memorable battles fought previous to the Revolution. The storm and tempests of nearly a century have beaten upon this eventful spot, and yet it is materially unchanged. The rain, the dew, and the sunshine of Heaven have obliterated the gory stains of battle, but the natural features of the field are the same as when the morning reveille broke the silence of these shadowy glens and unpeopled solitudes. The deep ravines in which the Indians secreted themselves—the bar across the Monongahela, on which Braddock's army forced the river—the spot where the battle was fought—where the chief struggle and conflict occurred, are yet identified, and the little springs of the hill side, where many a poor soldier ate his last meal, still gush and sparkle in the sunshine, while the soil which greedily drank their life blood, now waves with luxuriant and golden harvests.

History informs us that the army of Braddock consisted of more than two thousand men, a part of them the flower, the beauty, and the chivalry of the British army. After crossing the river, and eating a hasty meal at the foot of the plain, the advance guards were put in motion, martial music rang merrily through the forest-aisles, the sunlight gleamed from burnished steel, the Monongahela flowed tranquilly over its rocky bed, and the overshadowing forests tossed their leafy branches playfully to the breeze. Scarcely were the whole army in motion, when the ravines became lurid with fires of an invisible foe. Panic-struck, the soldiers fired their guns at random, and fell back in confusion and disorder. Unused to Indian warfare, history says the soldiers of Braddock huddled behind the artillery wagons, and refused to be rallied. Thus they continued fighting with irregularity, and suffering a carnage unparalleled in modern warfare. Nearly two-thirds of this gallant army, as proud as ever trod the soil of the new world, were utterly annihilated by an Indian foe. General Braddock was himself shot, and after lingering four days, was buried seven miles from the battle-field, that the Indians might not disturb his ashes. Washington was a colonel under Braddock, in this campaign, and led the colonial troops of Virginia. While the army were breakfasting on the morning of that eventful day, an Indian dog came into one of the camps, and on the information of which, Washington pronounced it to be the augury of an approaching foe, and advised Gen. Braddock to be cautious of advancing. But with the self-sufficiency and hazard of a British General, he replied, "I am not to be frightened by the fears of a raw provincial Colonel."—[Woonsocket Pat.

Home

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger heart can tell."

What a charm rests upon the endearing name—my home, consecrated by domestic love—that golden key of earthly happiness! Without this, home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands; there a father welcomes, with a fond affection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant's lips to lisp the name of Jesus; and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is home, sweet home! It is like the oasis of the desert. The passing of our days may be painful—our path may be chequered with sorrow and care—unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, efface the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears; yet when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place upon which it delights to linger as the loved scenes of childhood's home! It is the polar star of existence. What cheers the mariner far away from his native land, in a foreign port? or tossed upon the bounding billows, as he paces the deck at midnight alone, what thoughts fill his breast? He is thinking of the loved ones far away at his own happy cottage; in his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated around the cheerful fireside. In imagination he hears them uniting their voices in singing the sweet song which he loves. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land to greet those absent ones so dear to his heart.

Why rests that deep shade of sadness upon the stranger's brow as he seats himself amid the family circle? He is surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can afford; happy faces gather around him, and strive in vain to win a smile. Ah! he is thinking of his own sweet home, of the loved ones assembled with him in his own cheerful cot.

Why those tears which steal down the cheeks of that young and lovely girl, as she mingles in the social circle? Ah! she, too, had a happy home; but that home is now forsaken and desolate; its loved ones are now sleeping in the cold and silent tomb. The gentle mother who watched over her infancy, and hushed her to sleep with a lullaby, which a mother only can sing; who in girlhood days taught her of the Saviour, and tuned her youthful voice to sing praises to his name—has gone to the mansions of joy above, and is mingling her songs, and tuning her golden harp with bright angels in heaven. Poor one! She is now left to tread the thorny path of life, a lonely, homeless wanderer.

Thus it is in this changing world. The objects most dear are snatched away. We are deprived of the friends whom most we love, and our cherished home is rendered drear and desolate. "Passing away" is engraven on all things earthly. But there is a home that knows no changes, where separations never take place, where the sorrowing ones of this world may obtain relief for all their griefs, and where the sighs and tears of earth are exchanged for unending songs of joy. That home is found in Heaven.

In the shadowy past, there is one sweet reminiscence which the storms of life can never wither; it is the recollection of home—of child-

hood's home. In the visioned future, there is one bright star whose lustre never fades; it is the hope of home—a heavenly home.

[Musical Visitor.]

Story of a Backlog.

Our nearest neighbor was Squire Peleg Sandford; well, the old Squire and all his family, was all of them the most passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose; and then they could keep in their temper, and be as cool, at other times, as cucumbers. One night, old Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a backlog for the fire. A backlog, you know, Squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout junk of a boy to lift one.

Well, as soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the old Squire draws forward the coals, and fixed the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gucom, with a little cat stick no bigger than his leg, and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, he never said a word, but seized his riding whip, and gave him "most an awful whipping." He tanned his hide properly for him, and bring in a proper backlog.

Gucom was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip of the old block, and no mistake; so out he goes without so much as sayin' a word, but instead of goin' to the wood pile, he walks off altogether, and staid away eight years, till he was one-and-twenty, and his own master. Well, as soon as he was a man grown and lawfully on his own hook, he took it into his head one day he'd go home and see his old father and mother agin'; for they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never having heard from him one blessed word all that time.

When he arrived at the old house, daylight was down and the lights lit, and as he passed the keepin'-room window, he looked in, and there was old Squire sittin' in the same chair he was eight years away, when he ordered in the backlog, and gave him such an unmerciful whippin'. So what does Gucom do but stops at the wood pile, and picks up a huge one, (for he had grown to be a most thunderin' big fellow then,) and openin' the door, he marched in and lays it down on the hearth, and then lookin' up, said he—

"Father, I've brought you in the backlog." He couldn't believe his eyes, that that great six-footer was the boy he had cowed-hided, and he couldn't believe his ears when he heard him call him father; a man from the grave wouldn't have surprised him more, he was quite onfalsified and dumbfounded for a minute. But he came too right off, and wasiced down to a freezin' pint in no time.

"What did you say?" says he.

"That I have brought you in the backlog, sir, you sent me out for."

"Well, then, you've been a confounded long time a fetchin' it," says he; "that's all I can say. Draw the coals forward, put it on, and then go to bed."

"Now, that's fact, Squire; I know the parties myself—and that's what I do call coolness—and no mistake!"—[Sam Slick.]

An Ingenious Rogue.

The following details of a piece of roguery lately practiced in Paris surpass in ingenuity and wit anything recorded in the annals of thieving:

"An individual, well dressed, presented himself at the shop of a female who sold ready-made linen in one of the retired parts of Paris, and observed to her, that she appeared to keep a large assortment of gentlemen's shirts. 'Oh yes, she had them of all descriptions, and very cheap.' 'Pray, madam,' said he, 'have you any garments of a similar description and superior quality, for ladies; I am about to be married and wish to make my intended wife a present of three dozen.' 'Certainly, certainly, sir, I have some which I am sure will suit you,' and forthwith, three parcels, each containing a dozen, were exhibited on the counter. One was opened, and the stranger examined it with much attention; at last he said, 'I am afraid that these are too short,' then seemed lost for a moment in thought at the difficulty which presented itself to his mind of ascertaining the precise size wanted—an idea seemed to strike him. 'Madam,' he said, 'you are about the height and size of the lady I shall shortly marry, would it be asking too much of you to draw one of these over your dress.' 'Not at all, I'll do it with a great deal of pleasure.' In a minute, the good woman appeared in the body of the shop completely enveloped in one. The stranger looked at her, walked round her, and stooped, apparently to draw down the garment to its full length, in doing which he very adroitly fastened her clothes to it with a large pin. She supposing his examination finished, attempted to take it off again, when to her astonishment she found her clothes rose up with it. At this moment the fellow grasped the parcels and made off with them. The poor woman hesitated to follow—made another attempt to dislodge herself of the superfluous covering, but failing to do so, ran after him. So much time however was lost, and so many boys collected about her at the novel appearance she presented, that she was soon compelled to return to her shop and put up with the loss."

BLACKSTONE VALLEY.—On the Blackstone River and its tributaries, between Worcester and Providence, there are 94 cotton and 22 woolen mills. These run 307,000 spindles, 7002 looms, and 81 sets of woollen machinery, and employ 5,200 male and 4,288 female operatives. 3,441,800 lbs. of wool and 35,138 bales of cotton are annually consumed. Besides these establishments, there are four scythe factories, which manufacture 10,500 dozen scythes annually.

ORIGIN OF THE SCYTHE MANUFACTURE.—Mr. Ebenezer Tisdale, of Lebanon, Ct., commenced the scythe-making business in America, about the year 1745. From Boston one of his scythes were sent to England, as remarkable for the manner in which he turned the back. The scythes afterwards imported from England were made in the same style. For about forty years he pursued this business, making annually about 400 scythes.

A REMARKABLE THANKSGIVING GATHERING occurred at Barnstable, Mass., last week. A matron, aged 92, entertained her sister, who had come a mile or more, in an open wagon, to pass her 95th annual thanksgiving day, surrounded by their children to the ages of 75 years, and theirs again, down through several generations, to the prattlers in their leading strings.

HANDSOME SPECULATION.—It is stated that within forty years the United States have extinguished their Indian title to four hundred and thirty millions of acres of land for eighty-two millions of dollars. At this rate, they paid the Indians an average of less than twenty cents per acre. Now if the United States disposed of those lands to their citizens at the present low government price of one dollar and twenty-five cents, they have received into their Treasury the sum of four hundred and fifty-five millions five hundred thousand dollars above the original cost.—[Cherokee Advocate.]

MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1844.

Close of the Volume.

Solomon says, and you know there are or were few wiser men than he, that there is a time and a season for all things. Of course there is a time for bringing to a close the present volume of the Maine Farmer, and we accordingly bow in obedience to the laws of Time, and, with this number, close the 12th volume.

Reader, perhaps you part with us here. If so, we give you a parting hand, wish you good luck during the rest of your journey through life, a life of virtue and a rest in peace. Perhaps you have concluded to "stick by us" a little longer. Thank you, dear "sub," we hope you will, and not only give us the strength of your purse and the "light of your countenance," but the strong aid of your mind in the shape of valuable contributions to the accumulating stock of practical experience. As the mountains are but the accumulation of sands or particles, so the mass of knowledge, now in the world, is but the accumulation of single facts, discovered and made known by one and another from time to time. Every fact which you can discover and communicate helps to increase the sum of knowledge, and, as knowledge is power, it adds to the powers of man. Perhaps you are a "new comer," just getting acquainted with us, and our "shew-bread." If so, "here's to our better acquaintance." May we long gang o'er the world's weary way lovingly and peaceably together, reciprocating kind words and mutual benefits, so that when we may look back upon the hours that we have spent, and the path that we have trodden, we may be glad and bless the hour that we met. To one and to all we say, that during the year past, we have done not what we could, but what we could.

We find ourselves cramped in many things which the farmers could, by taking hold in right good earnest, relieve us of. We want a more extended communion with our brethren of the plough and the workshop. We want to hear from every one of you—every one, from Kittery to Calais, and from Owl's-Head to the "Highlands," touching matters pertaining to your callings, the great and important interests with which you are identified, and of which you are a part and parcel. O, if you could be induced to come forward as one, united in the bonds of social union, each encouraging each, and all looking forward to the consummation of a high destiny in science and the arts, what a flood of light would burst from our hitherto intellectually darkened horizon, cheering and warming and lighting up our country with a blaze that time would increase rather than diminish, and like a vigorous flame, feed itself into a brighter glow of substantial, inextinguishable, ever-living light.

If the thousands and thousands and thousands of farmers and mechanics of Maine would only rose up and put their united shoulders to the work of improvement, self-instruction and mental elevation, how long would it be before she would become a standing model for others, and a focus of knowledge and happiness from which would constantly flow streams of comfort and satisfaction to millions of the present and millions of the future? Have you ever thought of these things, you of the plough, and you of the jack-plane, and you of the anvil? Have you ever asked yourself—What can I do to promote the art which I practice, to help my laboring brother, and to make myself wiser, and to add to my power and dignity by the increase of knowledge and science and skill? Or, have you gone round and round, from morn to night, like a horse in a mill, muttering and murmuring and repining at the hard-times and the supposed curse of labor, without a thought or an effort to look upward, and to raise yourself and your calling as high as any other in the scale of utility and consequent respectability? For years and years have we called upon you, and although many a noble soul hath responded cordially to the call, alas the great mass still hold back and turn a deaf ear to all arguments, invitations or entreaties. Many, too many, not only do nothing, but positively prevent others from rising up by their sleepy and sluggish examples. But this state of things cannot always last—there will be a time for waking up. Old Rip Van Winkle himself couldn't sleep forever, and these young Rips we hope will have still shorter naps. And so we will close this homily by a *trio* of thanks.—Those who leave us, we thank for their company thus far—those who "stick by," we thank right heartily for continuing with us, and those who have just come, we thank for the pains they have taken to call and see us.

War with Mexico.

The United States Minister at Mexico, and the Mexican Minister, or Secretary, or whatever he is called, have been talking *snazzy* to each other. Mr. Shannon, our Minister, ventured to advise Mexico not to meddle in any war with Texas, and Mr. Rejon tells him in an *undiplomatic* way, that is, in plain language, to *mind his own business*, and "twits" him and his nation with a desire of annexing Texas to the Union—whereupon Mr. Shannon *flares up* and suspends all further intercourse with him. In old times this would have been ample cause for a bloody war, but the world is some older than it was, and is getting to be a shade wiser; it will be hard work to stir the sovereign people into a war now, because two hotspots can't be *civil* to each other.

Weather Item.

Last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday were *unmistakably* cold days. Mercury down to 5° to 10° below zero. About noon on Saturday we felt the air begin to *breathe* from the south, and the next day it began to rain. It rained quite freely during Monday, doing serious injury to the fine sleighing.

FIRE IN NORTH YARMOUTH.—On Thursday morning last a fire broke out in North Yarmouth, (in this county) in the outbuildings of Capt. Samuel Bacon. They were all destroyed, consisting of a carriage-house and wood-house, with chaise, sleighs, harness, farming tools, sleds, a number of cords of fire wood, together with all Capt. B.'s grain, (about 100 bushels of corn he raised last season,) molasses, flour, coffee, fish, &c. &c. His furniture suffered considerably by its hasty removal. The cause of the fire was, as we learn, the very common one—ashes in wooden vessels.—[Portland Paper.]

FIRE AT PALERMO. We learn that on Monday night the dwelling house owned and occupied by Mr. E. F. Boswell together with the principal part of the furniture and about one hundred bushels of grain were consumed by fire. The fire took from a defect in a stove. The loss is estimated at \$600 and there was no insurance.—[Bangor Whig.]

The U. S. ship Decatur has captured two Spanish brigs full of slaves and specie, on the coast of Africa, and sent them to the Island of Ascension.

Wreck of the ship Massasoit.

The following disastrous shipwreck is one of the most remarkable that has occurred on the coast of New England for seventy years. The occurrence took place about twenty years ago. The ship was a schooner of the name of the Life Boat, which are stationed in the vicinity.

The ship was built at Stroudwater in this State, and a part of her was owned by Mr. Charles Bartlett of that place.—[Portland Adv.]

Loss of an Indian man, and three Lives.—The ship Massasoit, (of Plymouth) Barry, from Calcutta for this port, came into Massachusetts Bay, on Wednesday evening, and soon after a severe N. E. gale commenced, accompanied by thick snow, and at 10 P. M. struck on Point Alderton Bar, near Boston Light, one of the points most exposed to a North East storm. Soon after she struck, three seamen attempted to swim on shore, but two were drowned, and the other reached the shore, with great difficulty. The sea broke entirely over the ship during the night and next morning, so that the life boat which was put off shore, five or six hours, and by using the most strenuous exertions, took one by one, the poor fellows, who slid down the ship's side as they neared her, and had got all on board, except a passenger, Mr. Stephen C. Holbrook of Roxbury, Mass., who was sick. In endeavoring to leave the ship he had reached the main hatchway, and was seen to fall into it. Considering him as lost, the line, connecting the life boat with the ship was cut, and the boat headed for the shore, when Mr. Holbrook was seen to creep upon deck again. At this moment, two canoes manned by Messrs. William Philips, Alfred Nash, William Miller, and George Williams, Boston pilots, who had been the pilot of the ship all the morning, watching for an opportunity to rescue the sufferers, made a desperate effort to save Mr. Holbrook, and one of them had almost touched the ship, when she split open, the unfortunate gentleman fell into the ocean, and was seen no more.

The crew were almost exhausted when taken off, and Capt. Barry was unable to speak for an hour after. At the last accounts the ship's bows hung together, and the rest of the vessel had gone to pieces, and it is probable that but little of her cargo, which was a valuable assortment (one) would be saved. The Massasoit was about five years old, and was insured for \$16,000, of which \$1000 at the Old Colony office, Plymouth, \$7000 at the Suffolk, and \$9000 at the Boston office in this city. There was insurance in this city also on her cargo, to the amount of \$57,200, divided as follows: Washington \$15,000; Essex \$14,000; Neptune \$14,000; Boston \$8000; Tremont \$6000; Mercantile \$5000.

Capt. Barry remained at Hull, at the House of Mr. Mitchell, being unable to come up to the city yesterday. The bodies of the drowned seamen have also been taken to Mr. Mitchell's. The crew were at the time of the wreck, and the loss of property by the wreck of the ship Massasoit, is estimated at about \$100,000.

MOVEMENTS AT WASHINGTON.—The following is an extract of a letter from Washington, dated Dec. 14, and published in the N. Y. Evening Post: "Mr. Green, the bearer of dispatches from our Minister in Mexico, arrived here by yesterday's cars, and immediately repaired to the State Department. A cabinet council was instantly called, and their deliberations lasted far into the night."

Day before yesterday and a part of the night, Mr. Calhoun spent in an earnest conference with Mr. Jackson, the British Minister, and immediately afterwards four or five different messengers were sent from the State Department to several of our Ministers to the different Courts in Europe, to Mexico, and to some of the South American Republics. The English Minister also, I understand, sent off a messenger with dispatches to Great Britain. The crisis is now a most delicate one, and the result will be, possibly with some of the leading powers of Europe, renders the unusual diplomatic activity a matter of deep interest and anxious speculation; and among other *on this* is one, that if Texas will, in any sufficiently authoritative manner, declare her wishes to the United States, that the United States will be thrown no obstacles in the way, and will intimate to Mexico, that it will be necessary for her to acquiesce as gracefully as she may; that no opposition is to be expected from any other European power; that a very liberal treaty of boundary will be negotiated with Mexico, in which the large claims due by her to our citizens will in some satisfactory manner be arranged; and, finally, that in the general balance sheet, which is now in the progress of being made up, the Oregon boundary will also be satisfactorily adjusted."

ANOTHER TERRITORY.—A bill is before Congress for the organization of another new territory, west of the Missouri river, to be called the "Nebraska" territory. We learn from the report, that this territory is now a most undisturbed and fertile one, and is bounded by the Rocky Mountains. Its boundary line commences at the mouth of the Kansas and runs up the Missouri river to the mouth of the Running-water river, and thence to the head of the Missouri river, and thence to the head of the Wind river chain. From this point, turning Southward, the line continues along the Wind river range and the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, to the head of the Arkansas; and following that stream to the mouth of the Pawnee Fork, passes by the heads of the Neosho and Osage rivers, again to the mouth of the Kansas.

The limits of this territory include the extreme head of navigation of the Arkansas, all the good lines of communication with California, the road from our frontier to the Mexican boundary and Santa Fe, and also an excellent and more direct pass to Oregon, discovered by recent exploration about 160 miles Southward of the great Santa Fe Pass. The valleys near the head streams of the Arkansas, the Platte or Nebraska, and the Yellow Stone rivers within this boundary, are said to contain much rich land.—[Bee.]

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.—Action in Virginia.—The citizens of Portsmouth, Va., have held a public meeting for the purpose, as they say, "of taking into consideration the course of South Carolina in relation to the unwarrantable and unjustifiable proceedings of Massachusetts, in sending an agent to break down and destroy her sovereignty and internal policies." After passing sundry resolutions, condemnatory of Massachusetts, and justifying the course of South Carolina in expelling Mr. Hoar, a committee was appointed to prepare a memorial to be presented to the Legislature of Virginia, for the passage of laws, in relation to free negroes coming into this State, similar to the laws of South Carolina, and also a law authorizing the court of Norfolk county to send from her limits all free negroes.—[Boston Bee.]

THE OREGON.—It is said that Mr. Duncan's bill for the immediate occupation of the Oregon, will be submitted to the House without delay. "This bill calls for the occupation of the whole extent of territory from the Mexican boundary South to the line of latitude 42° N. lat., giving the English claim an extent of 60 miles of coast, where they reach the Russian boundary. In this territory the English Government have already eight forts of military stations, and below the line of boundary settled east of the territory, they have also erected five forts, two of which are on the South bank of the Columbia river, a point at which they have never seriously penetrated a chin."

GROSS OUTRAGE.—A party of ruffians, disguised as Indians, but having no connection with the anti-slavery party, dragged a Mr. Craver, from his house in Nassau, N. Y., then along over the ground for some rods, where they threw him into fits, and then raised him from the ground in this helpless condition and tarred and feathered him. This gross outrage was to gratify the malice of a man named Ostrato, with whom Mr. Craver, a highly respectable and inoffensive gentleman, had some difficulty concerning the laying out of a road.—[Bee.]

Hon. Thomas Corwin has been elected to the U. S. Senate by the Ohio Legislature. Mr. Corwin received 60 votes, and David S. Disney 46.

Arrival of the steamship Acadia.

Fifteen days later from Europe.

The Steamship Acadia, arrived Saturday morning. She brings London and Liverpool papers to the 4th inst.

The Acadia met with adverse winds, that materially delayed her passage.

The news by this conveyance was important. The colonial and general produce markets have been steady, and are likely to be favorably influenced by the comparatively easy state of the money market.

A most extensive robbery has been perpetrated, on the night of 24th Nov. of the Banking House of Messrs. Rogers & Co., Clements Lane, Lombard street, London—eighty-five £50 notes; twenty £100 notes; nineteen £20 notes; nine £30 notes; six £40 notes; five £50 notes; five £100 notes; three £200 notes; three £300 notes; one £500 note; nineteen £1000 notes; £1200 in gold and various bills of exchange.

Her Majesty has offered a full pardon to any one of the guilty parties who will give such evidence as will procure the conviction of the other offender or offenders, and three thousand pounds reward is also offered.

The late crop of potatoes in Ireland is found to exceed the produce of any year on record.

A daring act of piracy was committed in the very midst of the shipping in the port of Gibraltar, on the night of the 5th ult.

A Paris paper alleges that the Progressists conspiracy originated in that city, amongst a body of gentlemen who had been instrumental in the expulsion of Espartero from Spain.

PORTUGAL.—A most lamentable fire recently broke out in Lisbon, in the Rua Magdalena, in which 19 persons had been burnt to death. It appears there were no ladders on hand, and neither the police nor the authorities could render any assistance.

IRELAND.—The usual weekly meeting of the Repeal Association was held at the Conciliation Hall, Dublin. The chair was taken by Mr. Maurice O'Connell, M. P.

At the Dublin Municipal Election, Repealers were returned in all the contested wards and in all the uncontested wards except two. Mr. O'Connell was re-elected alderman of the Four Courts ward, and Professor Butt alderman of St. George's ward.

Sir Robert Peel is in such bad odor with the Orangemen of Ireland, that one of the organs of that party, the Dublin Warder, declares that the time has come for making a stand between Peel and Protestantism. It says, "It is now plain that the sword is drawn, and the scabbard thrown away between Sir R. Peel and the Irish Protestant church and the Protestant people of Ireland. One or the other must be put down."

Nothing important from Spain.

LARGE FIRE IN SALEM.—A fire broke out in Salem last evening, in Buffum's Planing Shop, in the heart of the city. The shop, valued at \$17,000, was entirely consumed and also about 40,000 feet of lumber.

The fire communicated with Concert Hall, which was also destroyed, valued at between \$10,000 and \$15,000.

A block of dwelling houses extending to South bridge, occupied by about 20 families, and two stores, were entirely consumed.

An extra train of cars started for Boston at half past ten, but took on board at Lynn four fire engines and returned. The fire burned from half past ten until four this morning, and was the most destructive ever known in that city. It was in the heart of the city, and the loss of property is immense.—[Bee.]

ATTEMPT TO FIRE A WHALER.—The Northwick Inquirer of Thursday, contains a letter from Don Starbuck, Esq., dated Payta, July 24, giving an account of an attempt to set fire to the crew of the ship Sparrow, of Nantucket, to set that vessel on fire, while lying in the port of Payta. The culprit was a Portuguese; the fire was put into a coil of rigging between decks, with tarred pine and other things of that kind, and a lamp of oil poured on it which took fire very quick. The second mate, a serving sailor, came down between decks, jumped down the fore-castle, and being very much choked with smoke, happening to run his hand through the bulkhead, touched the fire. He immediately began to throw water and extinguished the fire; soon after, the man confessed the crime and begged Capt. Fish to take him out in the boat, but all to no avail.

The next day he was put on shore, and the ship sailed for the Cocos Island.

CAPTURE OF A PIRATE.—A letter dated "Triste, 30th October, 1844," received at New York, contains the following paragraphs:—

We have news of the capture of an extraordinary large and well-equipped piratical bark, named the "Avengeur." The vessel was taken into Trieste, and the disclosures the hands on board made to their capturers went beyond conception. Their confessions are not fully known, but this much is true:—

The bark has been cruising, piratically, for the last two years, and in that time there have been no less than 200 murders committed by the crew, and ten ships, three barques, one brig, and several schooners taken and plundered by her. The amount of treasure found on board the vessel was immense.—She is an English built vessel with tall, raking masts, and of about 700 tons burthen, very sharp and very deep.

ANTI-RENT OUTBREAK.—A letter from Hudson, dated Dec. 14th, describes an anti-rent outbreak in Columbia county. In this case, the Sheriff sent a posse of about 200 Indians on the ground of a failure to pay rents; he was met by a body of Indians before he reached the ground, and escorted there.—When he reached the place of assemblage a threat of personal violence was made, under which he gave up all his papers, and the Sheriff, with his posse, were promptly turned over to the authorities of Portmouth. The negro belonged to Mr. Rudder, of Portsmouth. The steward is confined in jail, to undergo an examination for aiding and abetting the escape of said slave. Capt. R. has sailed again.

MORSE'S TELEGRAPH.—The wonderful operations of this great invention are becoming more manifest every day. The full proceedings of both Houses of Congress, including the standing committee of each, making over a column and a half, were received by the Telegraph and published in our country edition of yesterday afternoon; and the whole of the operations of yesterday, both ways, were, by way of experiment, performed on a single wire.—Great improvements are daily being made in the way of abbreviating sentences.—[Baltimore Patriot.]

ISTHUS OF PANAMA.—The hopes which have been entertained of an artificial canal or passage through the Isthmus of Panama cannot be realized. M. Garrela, a distinguished French engineer, has made a survey, and reports that the isthmus between the two oceans rises 125 yards above the level of the sea, instead of 17 yards as was stated before, so that nothing can be thought of less than a canal with sixty locks, divided between the two seas.

[New York paper.]

FLORIDA.—The project of forming a Constitution for Florida, preparatory to its admission into the Union, as a member of the American confederacy, is undergoing an animated discussion by the press of that territory. There appears to be much difference of opinion as to the propriety of such a step, as well as in relation to a project of dividing the territory into two States.

MARTINIQUE.—The Kingston Journal says that it is stated in the Dominica Colonist that a rebellion exists in Martinique, and the greatest apprehensions are entertained that a revolt of the slaves is about to take place.

EARTHQUAKE.—The Knoxville (Tenn.) Register of the 4th, says that a very severe shock of an earthquake was felt in that town and vicinity on the 20th ult. It continued for several seconds. One chimney was thrown down by the violence of the shock, and the stones and bricks in others were displaced.

28th Congress--2d Session.

THURSDAY, Dec. 13.

In the SENATE, Messrs. Fairfield of Maine, Ashley of Arkansas, and Woodbury of New Hampshire, presented memorials for the payment of French spoliation claims prior to 1800.

A resolution of Mr. Niles, calling for information as to the disposal of the public money was adopted. In the HOUSE, Mr. Giddings of Ohio, presented several petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, which were laid over under the rule, the Southern members declaring their intention to debate them. One memorial from Ohio, praying Congress to take measures to compel the privilege of franchise to the free inhabitants, and if this could not be done, that other kinds of property besides slave property should be represented, was laid on the table, 135 to 51.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, from the committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill for the annexation of Texas, which was immediately referred to the committee of the whole, and notice given that it would be called up on the 23d inst. This bill is similar to that proposed by Mr. McDuffie in the Senate.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13.

The SENATE was not in session. The following communications from the Executive Department, were laid before the HOUSE by the Speaker.

From the President, giving information that the Republic of Venezuela would pay the indemnity in the case of the brig Morris.

From the Treasury Department, a report of the receipts and expenditures for the past year.

Report of the Commissioners on Public Buildings. Mr. Duncan moved to take up the election bill. The motion was carried and the bill was taken up. The question was on concurring with the amendments adopted in committee of the whole.

The vote was about to be taken on the bill as it came from the committee of the whole, when it was moved to amend and carried over to the House adjourn, it adjourned to meet on Monday next.

The House then (at 3 o'clock) adjourned.

MONDAY, Dec. 16.

In the SENATE, several messages were received from the President.

Mr. Bates reported a joint resolution explanatory of Revolutionary and other pensions.

The resolution of Mr. Johnson of Louisiana, directing the committee on the judiciary to inquire into the expediency of amending the naturalization laws, coming up in its order, was debated by Mr. Johnson in favor of several modifications of the laws of naturalization; by Mr. Allen in opposition, but

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE CARRIER BOY'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

Ge up, Pegasus! stop your kicking!
Or, by my beard, you'll get a licking!
I'm on your back, tho' not a straddle,—
Less like a rider than a saddle;—
But never mind that—get along,
And help me with my NEW YEAR'S song.

How to begin it—"that's the rub!"
I'm in the mire up to the hub—
Or, (being on horseback) to the knees,
If that suits better—as you please.

But to be serious, Gentle Readers
Of Doctor Holmes' "first rate leaders,"
This is in fact no joking theme,
Altho' to some it so may seem.
Old Time moves onward in his course
Much faster than a trotting horse;—
He still keeps up the same old pace,
Tho' Miller tried to stop his race.
But Himes the crafty jockey prov'd—
He swept the stakes, then his stakes mov'd.

And is it really FORTY-FIVE?
It is, as sure as I'm alive!
I'd not believ'd, who'er had said it—
But in the *Almanac* I read it.
And you have all heard (have n't you?)
Whatever that says must be true.
So, to be serious about it,
There's not a chance to even doubt it.

Indeed, another year's begun;
The old one his brief course has run—
And with it many a mortal, too;
Yes, many known to me and you.
Ah! many a well known face we miss—
Others we'll mourn a year from this.

And as the year has by us flown,
Say, have we wiser, better grown?
Have we improv'd the passing hours,
In gathering wisdom's fadeless flow'rs?
Or have we, heedless of their cost,
Too many precious moments lost?
Ah me! there's many a one, I fear,
Who sigheth o'er the bygone year,
Wishing it might return once more,
To improve it better than before.

What will the coming year bring forth?
To what events will it give birth?
For some perhaps there's joy in store,
And sorrows wait for many more.
Will mankind worse, or better, grow?
For this, the year itself must show.
Will human misery be less?
And will the rich cease to oppress
The poor who toil for daily food?—
Earth were indeed becoming good!
Shall Law and Justice be the same?
Or shall the last still be a name—
An empty name, as it has been,
Since riches first on earth were seen?
Ah! 'tis no wonder Justice fails,
While she doth hold a pair of scales;—
The poor man's cause in one is thrown,
The rich man in the other one;
Himself not only, but his gold—
And thus in Justice bought and sold!
A rich man's gold, a lawyer's brass,—

What can the two not bring to pass!
Were I to say which is worth most,
I'd name the brass—it can't be lost.
'Tis said, "throw physic to the dogs,"
But never said, "throw law to hogs";—
It should have been—tho' as for that,
'T would never make the porkers fat.

A curious year the past hath been,
And many wonders hath it seen,—
More than I can enumerate—
And *Humbugs* still predominate.
Can it be in the book of Fate,
That they will e'er be out of date?

If so I'd like to know the time,
That I might herald it in rhyme.
E'en that were a poor consolation—
It won't be in this generation.

And *Wonders*—will they never cease?
Methinks they rather will increase,
Until what wonders now they call,
Will be no wonders then at all.
In York, they make chalk into cream,
And hatch their chickens out by steam.
They have expresses by *balloon*,
Which bring the news straight from the moon,
In less time than you can count one,
Directly to the "New York Sun."

And then the scores on scores of *lams*;
Machines for healing up church schisms;
And others that cure all our ills,
And one to pay our tailors' bills.
And other things more wondrous yet,
Which I must pass, tho' with regret.

The *Manias*, too, which we have had,
Would make an urchin strike his dad—
(An elegant and classic phrase,
Which I think Shakespeare *nowhere* says.)
With the grand "Polka" some are full,
While more are crazed by Ole Bull;
Thus some are for the heel and toe,
And others for the fiddle bow.

And *Prodigies*—why, there's a score
Just now in Gotham, if not more;—
Precocious chicks, I have no doubt,
Whose "mothers don't know they are out";—
Too many to be nam'd, by half—
So we'll pass them by with a laugh.

But *Humbug* still is all the go—
For nothing else so well can do.
In Physics, Politics, and Law,
(What were the last without a flaw!)
We're humbugg'd to our hearts' content,
So long as we but have a cent.
Religion too, I grieve to write,
Hath not escap'd its influence, quite;—
Ah! no—on consecrated ground
The foul thing hath a footing found;
And many dupes now curse the hour
When first they fell within its pow'r.
But never mind—its course is run—
Ah! would it never had begun!
The chief of humbugs now is o'er,
For *Millerism* is no more;—
Tho', phoenix like, it yet may rise,
But vainly try to reach the skies.
Earth and its creatures, saith my rhyme,

A long while yet must "hide their time."
So, *Father M.*, hang up your fiddle,
And try no more your flock to diddle;—
And, *Brother Himes*, leave off your play;
Like other dogs, you've had your day;
Your pockets no more strive to stuff—
If true your creed, they're full enough;
If not true, you've sufficient cash
To cut a tolerable dash;—
So be content with what you have—
Remember, you've a soul to save.
But, bless me!—what am I about?
I am digressing, out and out.

Now for the *Ladies*—heaven bless 'em!
The "Carrier" would fain address 'em,
If they will not deem it a rudeness,—
The which he means not—gracious goodness!
I say, ad-dress, and mean it, too;
The *tether* I'd be loth to do—
Except in some few cases, where
The "best horse proves to be the mare";—
For, bless the charming little witches!
There are some who will wear the—
I did n't say *what!*—Pray excuse me,
And for this "lapse" do n't abuse me.
I quite forgot myself—'tis true;
So do excuse me, Ladies, do.
I know you can't well do without 'em,—
So I will say no more about 'em.
My motto is, God bless each charmer
Who condescends to read the *FARMER*;
Of course including all the rest
With whom creation has been blest.

I now will seek the *Rustic's* door,
Where I have often been before,—
A welcome guest, full well I know,
As kindly greetings plainly show.
Ah! what a pleasant scene is here!
What mirth, and glee, and goodly cheer!
What smiling faces, too, I meet;—
It does me good such friends to greet.
'T is evening, and the fire burns high,
And joy beams in each sparkling eye;
With laughter doth the place resound,
From mirthful maidens seated round,
And honest, jolly, country beaux,
As round the merry saying goes.
What happiness! And it is here
You've met to hail the opening year.
May joy go with you evermore!
May heaven increase and bless your store!
May each New Year find you as light
And happy as you are to-night,
Until your course on earth is run,
Your pastimes o'er, your labors done.
And now, dear rustic friends, adieu!
'T is with regret I turn from you.

And now, to one and all, I say,
Upon this merry New Year's day,
God bless you all, with health and cheer,
Through this and every coming year;
All earthly good may you possess,
Enjoying perfect happiness;
And "may your shadows ne'er be less!"
The last and best thing I can do here,
Is to wish you all A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

JANUARY 1, 1845.